CITT
AND
BUMPKIN,
THE SECOND PART.

OR,

A Learned Diſcourſe upon

SWEARING
AND
LYING,

And other Laudable Qualities tending

TO A

Thorow Reformation.

The Third Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Brome*, at the *Gun* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1680.

To the READER.

IT *is a great deal of* Time, Pains *and* Good-Will, *that I have employ'd upon my* Duty, *in the Vindication of the* Church *and* State, *from the Malice of* Bold *and* Petulant Libels: *And not one word of* Reply, *ſave only from the pitiful* Expounder *of my* Anſwer *to the* Appeal *(mentioned elſewhere) which was, (in truth) ſo* clamorouſly ſilly, *that inſtead of an* Abuſe, *it proved a* Complement. *But to ſee the Luck on't: Juſt as I was about to take out my* Quietus; *the* Cauſe *cold i'th' mouth; and to every Bodies thinking, without either* Breath *or* Pulſe; *Behold* Two unanſwerable Confutations; *the* One *in* Manuſcript, *by way of a* Familiar Epiſtle; *and the* Other *in* Print. *The Letter was a* Prologue *to the* Book, *as the* Book *may (in good time) be a* Prologue *to the Pillory*; if *making the* King *One of the* Three Eſtates, *may recommend the Author of it to that Preferment. This Epiſtle of his crept in the dark one Night into my* Bookſellers Shop; *as* Naturally *as if his Mother had been a* Bulker, *and yet the Man's no* Baſtard *neither, at leaſt by the* Mothers *ſide; as you will find by his* Stile *and* Logick: *which ſpeaks him as True a Son of the* Kirk, *as if the Pamphlet had been written with the very Milk of his* Dam. *It is drawn out into* Two Large Folio's; *and truly too much, and too beaſtly, to recite at length; ſo that I ſhall only preſent ye with here and there a* Taſt, *of his* Vein *and* Humour, *and ſome ſhort Notes upon it, by the* By. *He begins*, Monſieur CRACK. *Now there may ariſe ſome Controverſie perhaps, among the* Criticks, *about the Word* Crack, *and ſo I ſhall Expound it to ye: But you'le find the* Reſt *to be exceeding plain.*

One Griffith *wrote a ſmart Paper of Verſes upon Dr.* Wild, *wherein he call'd him the* Presbyterians Jack-Pudding, *This was an Alluſion proper enough; for why ſhould not* Mountebanks *in* Religion *have their* Jack-Puddings *as well as* Mountebanks *in* Phyſick? *But however, the* Dr. *took* me *to be the Author of the Copy, and in Revenge, (the* News-book *being at that time in my hand) was pleas'd to* Chriſten *me the* Crack-fart *of the* Nation, (*as it may be many an honeſt mans Fortune to have a Wag to his* God-father. *This Secret I have told the Reader in* Confidence; *and I hope it ſhall go no further: and upon that aſſurance I'le proceed.*

['Tis no new thing (*ſaies the Letter-Man*) for *Pimping* to raiſe a *Villain* to preferment; and that has been of late your daily Bread: For what is all your *Impudent Scribling*, but the Act of *Procuring* for *Popery* and *Tyranny*?] *So that writing for the* King *and the* Church *it ſeems, is writing for* Popery *and* Tyranny.

And again, Dr. *Oates* is as much above your *Malicious Railery*, as you are below common *Honeſty*; and even *CARE*, I am confident can beſtow time better, than in minding the Yelps of ſuch a *Cerberus*, ſuch a *Proſtituted Raſcal, a Sycophant* to *Cromwel, Betrayer then of Cavaliers.*]

Now if it be Malicious Raillery, *to magnifie Dr.* Oate's ſervices; *to improve his* Diſcoveries; *to elevate his* Abilities; *to ſet forth his* Hazards *(on* both *Sides) as well from the* Fanaticks, *as the* Jeſuits; *to maintain him for a* Canonical Aſſerter *of the Church of* England, *againſt all Gainſayers; to Enumerate the* Good Offices *he has render'd to the* poor Proteſtants, *and to pray that he may be rewarded according to his* Deſerts, *for all the good he has done us: If this, I ſay, be* Malicious Raillery, *then am I*

guilty

guilty *of it*: *But if all this be* good, *where's the* Malice? *Or if it be* True, *where's the* Raillery? *And this is not all neither; the purging of my* Self: *But whosoever calls this* Deference *and* Justice *to the* Doctor, *by the Name of* Raillery, *does manifestly imply the* Ground *of it to be* False; *to the wounding of the* Dr's. Testimony, *and to the blasting of him in the Reputation of his* Literature, Probity *and* Manners.

There's the same hand again in Tom *and* Dick; (*for I'le publish his Pamphlet for him*) pag. 28. L'Estrange (*he says*) has Serenaded *D. Oates* of late most notably; and caress'd him, just as *Joab* did *Abner*. *In which Case I shall Appeal to* Authority *for* Justice *upon the* Defamer *of the* Kings Evidence, *and a* Loyal Subject *both in* One. *In the same Page he makes a Proffer at an Argument.* He that is not *against* us (*he says*) is with us: But L'Estrange *never wrote against* Papists, *and therefore he's a* Papist: *by which Rule, if the* Author *never wrote* against Lame Giles in Holbourn, *or a* Little Lowsie Monky in the Old-Bayly; *then the* Author *is a* Lame Giles in Holbourn, *or a* Little Lowsie Monky *in the* Old-Bayly. *The man* Swears *ye see, on the behalf of the* Dr. *but when he comes to* his Friend *CARE, he's* stark mad, (*the Lord bless us*) *and falls into* Fits; Cerberus, Rascal, Sycophant, Traytor; *for there's a wonderful Sympathy, you must know, betwixt the* Author *and this same* CARE.) *But these are the* Ornaments, *and* Idioms *of his Profession; I must not call them* Lies, *but* Presbyterianisms.

Yet again, [Really *Roger*, Thy Fiddle is as Damnably out of Tune, and Thy Credit as much out at Elbows, as when thou didst *prostitute Body and Soul* to *Noll's High Nose*; and thou wilt look shortly worse by half than *Harris* in the *Pillory*, &c.] *And yet once more*, Prethee get *S*—— (that *Quintessence* of *Knavery*) or any of the *St. Omer-Rogues*, thy Common

Compa-

Companions; I ſee *thee*, *and* ſome *Iriſh Cut-Throats* e-very Night with thee, at *Man's* &c.

Here's Another Flower *of his* Rhetorick, *and the Blaſphemings of a* Proteſtant Martyr, *over and above*; *with two or three* Presbyterianiſms *more into the Bargain.*

Here's Wit at will *ye ſee, in the* Dialect, *directly of a* Weſtern Barge: *But the Man's in a Courſe of* Phyſick, *and there's no more contending with him, than with the* Governour *of a* Night-Cart, *that carries his* Arguments *in his* Tubs. *It is ſaid to be the work of one* Harry Langly-Samuel: *But whoever it is, by my Troth, I do e'en pity the Wretch, for he's ſet on, and only* Barks *for a* Cruſt. *But upon the whole matter there went more Heads than One, I'le aſſure ye, to this Learned Piece; and (as* Lacies Wench (*in* Monſieur Ragou) *ſaid of her* Baſtard, *'tis the* Troops Child; *and a very* Unmannerly Brat *it is*; *I'le be judge by the* Third Merchant *elſe.*

Now to conclude in a grave Word or two, this way of Fooling is neither my Talent, *nor my* Inclination; *but I have great Authorities yet, for the taking up of This Humour, in regard not only of the* Subject, *but of the* Age *we Live in, which runs ſo much upon the* Droll, *that hardly any thing elſe will down with it. Give me leave to ſay further, that in this Dreſs of* Levity, *I have not only avoided the* Scurrility *of a* Buffon, *and the* Hyperbole *of an* Extravagant, *and* Unnatural Satyr; *but I have endeavour'd to paint* Truth it ſelf *to the* Life, *without any* Prepoſſeſſions *of* Malevolence *againſt either* Parties, *or* Perſons. *The* King *and the* Church *have been already deſtroy'd* (*even within Our Memories*) *under the* Diſguiſes *of* Loyalty, *and* Holineſs. *And theſe* Dialogues *are only preſented to the* Publick, *as a kind of* Hiſtorical Map *of our* Late Miſeries; *that by* laying open *the* Rocks *and* Sands *that we periſht upon before, the People may be* Caution'd *againſt the* Danger, *and* Deſign *of a* Second Miſcarriage.

Citt-

CITT and BUMPKIN.

The Second Part.

Citt. LEt's e'en jogg on to *Hampſtead* then; and talk it out, where we may look about us.

Bum. Trueman's a *meddling*-Coxcomb, *and there's an end on't. An* Eves-dropping-Cur, *to bolt in upon us out of a Cloſet ſo.*

Citt. 'Tis as I told ye, *Bumpkin*, and ye may lay it down for a *Maxim*; that SWEARING and LYING *Governs the World.* Swearing and Lying Governs the World.

Bum. Why *what do ye think of* Canting, Couſening, Plotting, Poyſoning, Supplanting, Suborning.

Citt. 'Tis all from the *ſame Root*, and the Conning of *this Leſſon* makes ye Maſter of your *Trade.*

Bum. *Of what* Trade, *as thou lov'ſt me?*

Citt The *Trade* of *Mankind*, *Bumpkin*; the *Trade* of *Knavery*: The *Trade* of turning *Dirt into Gold*: The *Trade* of *Advancing Raſcals*, and *Overturning Governments*; The *Trade* of taking the *Covenant* with *One hand*, and Cutting a *Throat* with the *Other*; the *Trade* of the *Temple-walks*; The *honeſt Affidavit-Trade.*

Bum. *But doſt thou call this an* Honeſt *Trade*, Citt?

Citt. Yes, yes, *Bumpkin*, it is a very *Honeſt* Trade that a man's the better for; and he's a very *Honeſt* Man too that lives by his *Calling*. Why it brings *Power* and *Reputation* along with it; nay, and it brings Money too, that brings every thing.

Bum. Reputation *ſa'ſt thou? why they're two of the* Damn'deſt Qualities in Nature.

Citt. And yet *theſe two Damn'd Qualities*, as thou cal'ſt them, got the better of the *Late King*; and afterwards of the *Commons*; and after that of the *Protector*; and to be plain with ye, *Bumkin*, 'tis all that we our ſelves have to truſt to.

Bum. *I cannot imagine what kind of* Swearing *and* Lying *it is that ye ſpeak of.*

Citt

Citt. I do not ſpeak of the way of the *Bulleys*; the *Dam-me-boys*, or the *Iriſh Cut-Throats*: I hate that *Confounding*, *Damning*, *Sinking*, *Rotting* humour of *Swearing*. I am for the Swearing *Seldome*, and to *purpoſe*: That is to ſay, for the Engaging of a *Party*: or for the making out of a *Stabbing Evidence*, or ſo.

Swear ſeldom but to Purpoſe.

Bum. *Oh ho, I underſtand ye now*; *and the* Scrupling *of a* Small Oath, *gives a man* Credit in a Great One.

Religious Swearing, and Profane.

Citt. There's a great difference betwixt Swearing in a *Religious*-way and in a *Prophane*; though the ſubſtance of the *Thing Sworn* come all to the ſame Paſs: for there's *Heaven* and *Hell* in the caſe, on both ſides. As in the inſtance now of the Late *Proteſtations*, *Vows*, *Oaths* and *Covenants* that were Sworn in the Preſence of the *Almighty* and *Everliving God*; and as the Lords and Commons ſhould *Anſwer for't at the laſt day*: In aſſertion of their *Zeal*, and *Affection* for His *Majeſties Honour* and *Authority*; and the Eſtabliſhment of our *Religion*, *Laws* and *Liberties*. What a *Dignity*, what a *Majeſty* is here in the very *Stile* and *Number!* Though in the *Concluſion* let me tell ye, the Project went quite to another Tune.

Bum. *Ay, ay*; the Dam-me *of the* Covenant *in the* Church *ſtrikes a man with ſuch a* Reverence *methinks*, *over the* Hectors Scandalous Dam-me *in a* Tavern.

Citt. Moſt acutely obſerv'd: for the *Scandal* lies in the *Condition* of the *Place*, and in the *Sound* of the *Words*, not in the *Meaning of them.*

Conſciences harden by degrees.

Bum. *I had terrible Qualms at firſt*, Citt, about the *Swallowing of* Oaths, *and other* Puntillos *of* Scruple; *but they are nothing ſo* Frequent *of* Late, *nor ſo* Troubleſome *as they were wont to be.*

Citt. That will All over *Bumpkin* in time. Where's the *Good Fellow* that did not *Puke* upon his *Firſt Debauch*! And a *Baud* is never the leſs *Reverend*, becauſe ſhe *whimper'd* perhaps ſome five and fifty years ago, for the Loſs of her Maidenhead. Nay, it was a good while before our *Hero*'s *Themſelves* could bring their *Oaths* of *Allegiance*, and their *Covenants* to *Conjobble* together.

Bum. *Why for that matter*, *All's but* Uſe Citt; *All's but* Uſe.

Citt. Nothing in the World elſe: And when a man has got the Trick on't, if he has taken *Twenty Oaths*, hee'le fetch ye up *any One* of them again, that you'le *call* for, with as much eaſe, as the *Water-drinker* at *Bartholomew-Fair* does his Several *Liquors*

Bum

Bum. *It is certain, that an* Oath, *or the calling of* God *to* Witneſs, *is the moſt* Solemn *and* Univerſal Tye *in Nature, and ſo Accompted among People of all* Nations *and* Opinions. The Tye of an Oath.

Citt. And there's no doubt, but the Influence that it has upon Mens minds, is the moſt Powerful of all Impreſſions; and of the greateſt effect in the Manage of our moſt Important Affairs. So that it is no wonder to ſee all Matters of the higheſt moment, as well *Private*, as *Publick*, as well *Warrantable*, as *Not*, committed to this way of *Caution* and *Teſt*.

Bum. *'Tis very true, as in the Caſe of* Teſtimony, Civil Duty, *and* Canonical Obedience.

Citt. Now as the Wit of Man could never invent a more Competent Expedient, than *Theſe Oaths*, well apply'd for the *Maintenance* of the *Government*, and the *Support* of *Publick Juſtice*: So whoſoever would *Diſſolve* this Frame, muſt find a way to introduce *OTHER OATHS* in *Oppoſition* to *Theſe*; and to turn the Edge of the *Law*, and of the *Goſpel* againſt it ſelf, by drawing the moſt *Popular Lawyers* and *Divines* into the *Party*. This is the naked Truth of the buſineſs; and to deal plainly with ye, unleſs you give me your *Solemn Oath*, that you'l be *True* to me, and *Firm* to the *Cauſe in hand*, I muſt not move one Inch further. The Uſe and danger of Oaths.

Bum. *Why then, by all that was ever ſworn by before, I will* be Both.

Citt. The League is now ſtruck, and the ſooner we unmask the *better*; for it begets *Freedom*, and *Confidence* in each other.

Bum. *Here are two difficulties in the way, which I would fain have remov'd; the One is, how to get the People to take ſuch an Oath of* Oppoſition *as is here Imagin'd; and the* Other *is how to* Countenance *and* Palliate the keeping *of that Oath when they have* taken it.

Citt. It was the Maſter-piece of our Late Reformers, to contrive ſuch an *Oath*, as in the *Senſe* and *Grammar* of it carry'd the face of a Proviſion for the *Common Benefit* and *Security*, both of *King* and *People*, upon pretence that the *Government Civil*, and *Eccleſiaſtical*, and the *Proteſtant Religion it ſelf* were all in *danger*. This plauſible Impoſture went down with the Common People, without much Examination; eſpecially under the Colour of a *Parliamentary Authority* to back it: And it was ſo far from appearing at firſt Bluſh, to thwart the *Regular Oaths* of the *Government*; that it ſeemed to the *Multitude* rather to *Second* The Project and Myſtery of the Covenant.

and *Enforce* them. But when they came to find that they had ſworn to they knew not what, and that this *Covenant* being Originally deſign'd for an Engine to *Unhinge* the *Government*, the *Takers* of it were ty'd up to the Senſe of the *Impoſers*: They had but this Choice before 'um; either to comply with the Ends of the *Cabal* that ſet it afoot; or to deliver up their *Lives* and *Fortunes* at *Mercy*.

Bum. *So that the Letter of the Oath was* for *the Government, and the Intent againſt it, But what Arguments did they uſe for the* ſupporting *of it, after the Diſcovery of the* Fraud?

The Covenant had all the following Oaths in the Belly of it.

Citt. Only the Common Arguments of Exorbitant Power; *Fayls, Plunders, Confiſcations, Axes, Gibbets* &c. for breach of *Covenant*.

Bum. *Well, but there was a Train of* Contradictory Oaths *afterward one upon the Heel of another, thorough I know not how many Changes of State; what became of the* Covenant in thoſe Revolutions?

Citt. The *Single Covenant* had all thoſe *Oaths* in the Belly of it; and as many more, as it is poſſible to find Caſes within the Compaſs of Humane Apprehenſion: for it imported an abſolute and Implicit *Reſignation to the Will and Pleaſure* of whoever was *Uppermoſt*; ſo that the Submiſſions of thoſe times were only look'd upon as *Paſſive, and Temporary Yeildings* to the *Preſent Power*, ſtill as *one Intereſt* juſtled out another.

Bum. *And there were ſome too, it may be, that when they were once Fool'd out of the way, made it a Matter of* Conſcience *not to be ſet Right again.*

Citt, Oh, there were a great many that thought themſelves *bound* by the Latter Oath, and *Diſcharg'd* of the *Former*; eſpecially when they had got the better end of the Staff, and *All Power is from God*, in *Their Favour*. But to be ſhort, what out of *Fear, Shame, Weakneſs, Obſtinacy* and the like; they ſtuck to the *Combination*, and made themſelves Maſters of the Government.

Bum. You have here ſet forth in the famous Inſtance of the Covenant, how eaſily, *and by what* Means *the Multitude may be inveagled into* Engagements; *and you have laid open the* Conſequences *of ſuch* Leagues, *and the* Difficulty *of* Retriving *them*: *But how ſhall we apply* This Model *now to* our Purpoſe?

Citt. Why juſt as they apply'd the *Holy League* of *France* to *Theirs*: for the Common People have the very ſame *Paſſions*, the ſame

ſame *Weakneſſes*, *Now*, that they had *then*; and if ſome of our *Cock-brain'd Zealots* had not *out-run the Conſtable*, we might have been half way to our Journeys end by this time.

Bum. *Nay the truth of it is* Citt; *the Nation is nothing near ſo hot upon the Buſineſs now, as they were ſome Ten or Twelve* Months ago: *and they grow ſtill cooler and cooler methinks, every day more than other.* The Good Old Cauſe cools of late.

Citt. And what's the Reaſon of all This, now? we play our Game too open, and the Plot's Diſcover'd.

Bum. *Well, well* Citt; *ſome Body will ſmoak for this one day.*

Citt. If we could have contented our ſelves with an orderly Improvement of the *Popiſh Conſpiracy*, and gone thorow the work of *Religion*, before we medled with Matter of *State*; we had done the *Jobb*; but the *Republicans* hurry'd us on ſo faſt, (Ay and *Great ones* too) I ſhould be loth (as thou ſayſt) to be in ſome of their Jackets for't.

Bum. *Nay, really I was ſenſible of it my ſelf, that they did things* hand over head; *and ran on many times without either* Fear *or* Wit. *But however, I ſhould be glad to be particularly inſtructed how far they did* Well *or* Ill, what they ſhould *have done* inſtead *on't*; *where they did* amiſs, *and what we our* ſelves are *to do, as the Caſe ſtands with us at preſent.*

Citt. This is a Contemplation well digeſted, and I'l ſpeak by and by to thy four Queſtions in courſe as they lye.

We have been hammering (thou knoweſt) at *Popery*, *Ceremonies*, *Subſcriptions*, *Oaths*, *and Teſts*, *Liberty of Conſcience*, and now and then a ſnap at *Arbitrary Power*, ever ſince the King came in without gaining any ground upon the *Government*, more than what we bought with our *hard mony*; that is to ſay, ſo many flowers of the *Crown*, for ſo many *Taxes* and *Supplies*. (The Nation being divided upon theſe Points, and the *Crown* and *Church-Party* ſtanding in Oppoſition to the other), at length broke out this accurſed Deſign upon the *Life* of our *Sovereign*, and our *Eſtabliſh'd Religion*. Which Providence united *Both Intereſts* in *One Common Cauſe*, though with *differing Ends*. The Fanaticks gain'd little ground till of late.

Bum. *This you'l ſay, was a fair Foundation laid, as to the Total deſtruction of the* Papiſts, *but when* That's done, Citt, *where are we to be* Next?

Citt. Why that will *never* be done man; while there's a *Surplice* or a *Blew Garter* in the Three Kingdoms. For there's your No End of Papiſts.

Church-Papiſt, your *Pentioner-Papiſt*, your *Papiſt in Maſquerade*, your *Concealed-Papiſt*; Theſe are all of 'um forty times worſe than your *Known*, *Jeſuited*, and *Barefac'd Papiſt*. And in one word, 'tis as eaſie a thing to give any man the mark of the Beaſt that ſtands in *our way*, as for a *Horſe-Courſer* to make a *Star* in a *Jades Forehead*.

Bum. *Without all doubt* Citt; *and whoſoever doth not* Petition, Proteſt, Aſſociate, Covenant, Act *and* Believe *as* We *do, is a Rank* Papiſt.

How to know a Papiſt.

Citt. Nay, I'l go go further with ye *Bumpkin*; I'l tell ye by a Mans *Evidence*, his *Furniture*, his *Trunk*, his *Brains*, or his *Eſtate*, without ever examining his *Faith*, whether he be a *Proteſtant* or a *Papiſt*. I have led ye a little out of the way, to ſhew ye this ſecret, and aſſure your ſelf, *whenever this Cloak fails ye, y'are left naked*. But now to the Queſtion of *managing* this Occaſion.

How far the Faction acted Prudently.

So far as the *Court*, the *Church*, and *Bench* went along with us, in the *Opening*, the *Expoſing*, the *Diſcountenancing*, and paſſing *Sentence* upon this *Helliſh Plot*, we could not do amiſs. And then it was well follow'd, in getting the *Popiſh Lords* out of the *Houſe*; in dividing the Order of *Biſhops* into *Three Proteſtants*, and the *Reſt Papiſts*, as it has been ſince, in feeding the Peoples *Jealouſies* all over the Kingdom, with daily Intelligences of *New Fires*, *New Plots*, *New Diſcoveries*, to keep their *Fears waking*, though in moſt Caſes without any Ground whatſoever.

Bum. *'Twas a Plain thing there, in ſome of the* Penmen *of the* Narrative *to bring the King into the* Plot againſt himſelf, *was't not?*

Citt. Well, and was it not a notable Puſh, to charge it ſo home upon the *Council*, *that They would clap up no body for't?*

Bum. *And really to give the* Intelligences *their* Due, *they ha'n't ſpar'd telling his* Majeſty, *the* Judges, *and the* Biſhops *their own neither.*

Citt. It has been well enough done too, to Brand Thoſe for *Publick Enemies*, that would not go along with Us; and for *Popiſhly affected*, that but ſo much as open their Mouths for *Moderation*, to ply his *Majeſty* with *Petitions*, the *City* and *Country*, with *Speeches*, *Remonſtrances*, and *Appeals*. The Starting the Caſe of the *Succeſſion* was not *amiſs* neither, nor the *Preſident* of *Queen* Elizabeths *Aſſociation*.

Bum. *But I have heard my Old Maſter ſpeak of that* Aſſociation, *as a Trick of* State, *with a ſpecial regard to the Queen of* Scots, *and the*

that though Cambden *makes the Queen say that* she had no knowledge of it before it was presented, *he does not say so yet* himself.

Citt. There have been several Deliberations also upon Entring into *Publick Protestations* of *joyning as one man against Popery*, that have been very favourable to our purpose: and it was no ill Contrivance, the burning of the *Pope* with that Solemnity in *Fleet-Street*.

Bum. *And what do ye think of the* List *of the* Unanimous Club *of* Voters? (*That about the Court-Pensioners I mean*) *That was a notable device, let me tell ye; for hardly any of them got into the* House *after. But still if all this has been so much to our* Advantage, *how comes it that we lose* Ground, *and that any thing else should take place* against *Us*.

Citt. We may e'en thank a Company of *Hot-headed Fools* in our *own Party*, for taking off the *Mask too* soon; *and for* Writing *and* Printing so unseasonably against the *Civil Government* whatever came uppermost: which they have done to that degree of *Inconsiderable Rashness*, that the *Long Parliament* had an *Army* in the *Field*, before they ventur'd half so far. They have already set the *Lords and Commons* above the *King*, plac'd the *Government* in the *People*, nay, they have been Nibling already at the *Militia*, the Power of *Life* and *Death*, and of *Calling*, and *Dissolving Parliaments*: They have Reviv'd the 19 *Old Propositions*; tearing his Majesties *Servants* and *Ministers* out of the very Arms of their *Master*; and they have as good as told the King in plain Terms before-hand, what he is to trust to; I do not speak here of any of our *Parliamentary Proceedings*; but of the Licence of *Private Libertines* that *write* and *talk* at *random*. The oversight of the Fanaticks.

Bum. *Nay 'tis but too True*, Citt; *For't has been cast in* my *Teeth Twenty times*: Matters are come to a fine pass, *They cry*, when the Kings *Life* is to be preserv'd by those that would take the *Crown* off on's head; and *the Protestant Religion by the Professt Enemies* of the Church of *England*. *But you have told me wherein they did well and ill*, let me hear in the next place what they should have done if you had been their *Adviser*.

Citt. They should have perpetuated the *Apprehensions* of *Popery* by good *Husbandry* and *Manage* without running the whole Party down at a Heat, till there was hardly a *Papist* left in a Countrey for a man to throw his Cap at.

Bum. *Why That's the thing, man; They have destroy'd the Game*

to

to that degree that we are e'en ready to eat up one another.

Poachers have deſtroyed the Game.

Citt. Ay, ay; ſo many *Poachers*, they have ſpoyl'd all: we ſhould have kept a ſtock of Prieſts and Jeſuits in *Reſerve*, and play'd 'um off now and then, one after another at Leiſure. This would have entertain'd the *Multitude* well enough; and kept the *Humour* in a *Ferment*, and *Diſpoſition* for *greater Matters.*

Bum. *Very Right*, Citt; *we ſhould have* hang'd to day *as we may* hang *to* morrow; *for an* Execution *is an* Execution; *if it be but of* One, *as well as of* Twenty.

Much Blood turns Rage into Pity.

Citt. Yes, and we ſee beſides, that *much Blood*, and *Numerous Executions* turn the *Holy Rage* of a People many times into a *Fooliſh*, and *Degenerate Pity*, over and above, that at the other Thrifty Rate, we could never have wanted matter to work upon.

Raſh Informers ſcandalize better Evidence.

Bum. *There's hardly any thing*, Citt; *that has done us more Miſchief, than the accuſing of This* Lord, *That* Commoner, *This* Biſhop, *That* Alderman; *This* Citizen, *That* Countrey-Gentleman, *for* Popiſhly affected; *when the whole world knows 'um to be* Church-of-England-Proteſtants. *One crys 'tis* Spite to the Perſon, *Another will have it to be* Malice *to the* Government; a *Third calls the Informers a Company of Rogues*, that care not what they ſay, *and brings a* Scandal upon better Evidence; *Nay, and who knows at laſt, but theſe pitiful Fellows may be ſet on by the* Papiſts, *to diſparage the* Plot?

Citt. Not unlikely *Bumpkin*; for there's nothing makes men more *Secure* and *Careleſs*, in the Caſe of *Real Dangers*, than the Frequent Trifling of them with falſe *Alarms.* But yet let me tell ye, as to the other point; that it is not *Simply* the *Charging* of men, (according to your Inſtances) for *Popiſhly-affected*, but the Charging of them *Unreaſonably*, that does Us the great *Miſchief.* For our work will never go *on* without *Popery*; and rather *Want Papiſts*, we muſt *Create* them. But this is not a Project to be perfected at a *Heat.*

Bum. *And we are not in Condition*, Citt; *to wait the doing of it by* Degrees. *What becomes of us now then?*

Citt. Oh, ſet your heart at eaſe for That, *Bumpkin*; we have Twenty Irons in the Fire; and if thoſe fail, we'l have Twenty Fires more, and Twenty times as many Irons again in every Fire. We ſhould have gone on fair and ſoftly, in the very ſteps of our *Predeceſſors*: but if Men will leave the plain *Road*, and

and be trying Experiments upon their own Heads, over *Hedge and Ditch*, to find out a nearer way to their Journeys End; who can help it, if they break a Leg or an Arm by the way, and so fall short at last? More haſt then ſpeed.

Bum. *Why then 'tis but ſo much time loſt, and going back into the Road again.*

Citt. Juſt as if when a man has ſhewed himſelf, and frighted up the *Fowl*, you ſhould ſend him back again to his *Stalking-horſe* to make his *Shoot*. But as it is, however, we muſt make the beſt of a Bad Game, and take our meaſures as we ſee Occaſion.

Bum. *As how*, take our Meaſures, *I prethee?*

Citt. As thus *Bumkin*; We muſt ſhape our Courſe, according to the Circumſtances before us, with a reſpect to the *Power*, and *Intereſt* of *Parties*, *Change* of *Counſels*, and to the *State*, the *Humour*, and the *Inſtruments* of *Government*: So that what's beneficial to *day*, may be dangerous to *morrow*, and perhaps *Profitable* again the *Next*. Rules of Policy vary with the Matters they are to work upon.

Bum. *But how ſhall the* Common People *judge of theſe* Niceties?

Citt. Why they are not to *Judge* at all ye Fool: but to be menag'd, with *Inviſible Wires* like *Puppets*: and not to know either the *Why*, or the *What*, of things, but to *do* as they are *bid*.

Bum. *I have been expecting a good while that ye ſhould ſay ſomething concerning* Swearing.

Citt. Why ſo I *Have*, and ſo I *Will*. But I'le firſt give ye the whole *Scheme* of the buſineſs in ſhort. The *Government* can never be *Undermin'd*, but by a *Confederacy*: there can be no *Confederacy* without an *Oath*: Nor any thought of a *Popular Oath*, without a *Colour* of ſome *Authority* to *Countenance* it: Nor any *Colourable Authority*, but in a *Well-affected Houſe of Commons*; and *that Qualification* depends wholly upon a Right Choice of the *Members*, as *that Choice* again depends upon the *good Inclination* of thoſe that *Chuſe* them.

Bum. *So that the good will of the People is the* Key *of the Work; and we have gain'd that point already.*

Citt. We HAD gain'd it *Bumpkin*; but they fall off moſt confoundedly. The next ſtep, is a *Well-principled Houſe of Commons*. (and the *Reſt* follows in courſe,) How this will prove I know not; but the Nation has been warn'd ſufficiently againſt your Practiſes in Elections.

Eccleſi-

Eccleſiaſtical Officers, Prelatical Men, Courtiers, Pentioners, Debauchers, and the like.

Bum. *Nay, we made the verieſt Rogues of 'um, in the* Countreys *too, As* Papiſts, Atheiſts, *and the Devil and all. And yet let me tell ye, the* Court *and* Country-Party *carry'd it in many places in ſpight of the Hearts of us; but that's no fault of* Ours, *you'l ſay. Hold a little, did not you tell me t'other day, that we ſhould bring our* Petitions *about again;*

Citt. Yes, I did, but the Committee has taken up other Reſolutions ſince; for it made ſuch a Noiſe ye ſee, that People were taken Notice of, and undone by't. This Phancy of *Proroguing* and *Diſſolving* has daſht all.

Bum. *So that* Petitioning is quite out of *Doors then.*

Citt. No, not ſo neither, *Bumpkin*; but we muſt look hereafter to the *Timing*, and to the Matter of our Petitions. Our *Cock-brain'd Linnen-Draper* there made a filthy ſtir; I would his Tongue had been in a Cleft-ſtick.

Bum. *Well; but there are Swinging Petitions afoot yet; for all this.*

Citt. Nay we may live to ſee ſome of the Lords *Spiritual* and *Temporal* upon their *Mary-Bones* yet, before we have done with 'um. But not a word of this, till we ſee how the Parliament's in Tune for't.

Bum. *And that's but reaſon,* Citt; for *fear* We *ſhould be for* One *Thing, and They for* Another.

The Wiſdom of the Long Parliament

Citt. Wherefore 'twas wiſely done of the *Long Parliament*, to have a *Private Cabal* of their *own*: For ſo long as they drew the Petitions *Themſelves*, the *Houſe* and the *Petitioners* would be ſure to agree upon the matter.

Bum. *So much for the* Timing, *and the* Matter *of Petitions. But when ſhall we come to the point of* Swearing, Citt?

Citt, I'l lead you to't in a Trice; Firſt we *Petition*, for one thing after another, till we come at laſt to be *Deny'd*; The *next* Advance is to *aſſociate*, and then to *Swear.*

Bum. *Well! but this muſt be under the Banner of the* Peoples Repreſentative.

Citt. No doubt on't; and that's the eaſieſt thing in the World to compaſs, if we can but, *Firſt*, get a *Right Houſe of Commons*; and then Liberty for them to *Sitt* till all Grievances be *Redreſt*: which was the very end of putting in a Clauſe for't in the *Late Petition?*

Bum.

Bum. *If we could bring it to That once, we ſhould be juſt in the Old Track again. But what kind of* Oath *muſt it be at laſt?*

Citt. It muſt be an *Oath* made up of *Ambiguities*, and *Holy Words*; not a half-penny matter for the *Senſe* on't; for you muſt know, that though it looks like an Oath of *Religion*, on the *One ſide*, 'tis an Oath of *Allegiance*, on the *Other*; and a *Diſclaimer* of the *King's*, in Submiſſion to the *Sovereignty* of the *Commons*. The Compoſition of a Popular Oath.

Bum. *There's no great Queſtion to be made of the Effect of ſuch an* Oath, *and ſuch a* Conjuncture, *as is here ſuppos'd; but how ſhall we come* at *it I pre'thee?*

Citt. Time, and *Patience* overcome all things, *Bumpkin*. We have *Friends*, *Brains*, *Mony*, and the grace of making the beſt of our *Opportunities*. One man is wrought upon by *Ambition*, Another by *Avarice*; a Third by *Revenge*; and we have our ways of *Acceſs* to all *Humours*, and *Perſons*. How many *Favorites* do we read of, that for fear of *Impeachments*, have Sacrific'd their *Maſters*, to ſave *their own skins*. For *Princes themſelves* are not without their *Tractable*, and *Eaſie Seaſons*, of being Prevail'd upon.

Bum. *From what you have here deliver'd, I draw this* General Concluſion; *that* Change *of* Accidents *muſt of Neceſſity produce* Change *of* Methods, *and* Reſolutions: *(Provided always, That there be ſtill maintain'd a Tendency, though by* Several ways, *to the* Same End) *and that, in all Caſes, the* Oath *is the* Sanction *of the* Confederacy. Change of accidents produce change of Reſolutions.

Citt. You have it Right thus farr *Bumpkin*; and you ſee what *Power* an *Oath* has as well upon the *Bodies*, as the *Minds* of men; even to the blowing up of the Soundeſt *Foundations*, and to the drawing *Order* afterward out of That *Confuſion*. You ſee, in ſhort, the *Effects* of it in a *Political* way; and the Ordinary *Means* of gaining it. You would not think now, what an Advantage He has above Other People, in the Common Affairs and Bus'neſs of the World (even betwixt Man and Man (that has been train'd up in This School of *Popular Confederacies*, and *Contracts*.

Bum. *Nay*, Practice, *and* Experience *are* Mighty Helps, *beyond all peradventure: But yet I have ſeen ſome People go a great way in* Swearing, *by the meer ſtrength of* Nature. Natural Faculties in Swearing.

Citt. Yes, yes; *for a Down-right Dunſtable, Through-pac'd* way of *Swearing*; a *Ready Tongue*, with a *good Memory*; and a

Competent ſtock of *Aſſurance* will do very Pretty things.

Bum. *Why I had a Friend t'other day that was at a loſs for a* Releaſe, *he made no more ado, but away into* Alſatia, *where he told his Story in the Hearing of two Competent Witneſſes*; *and* with *Sir* Jethro, *they had him in a Twinkling, and ſo brought him off with Honour.*

Citt. This Old *Faſhion'd way* did well enough in *Strafford's* days and *Laud's*: But we are now infinitely Refin'd. And yet I cannot but allow that a *Happy Genius* may do a great deal that way; but when you come to *Caſuiſtical Points* that require *Reading*, *Conference*, and *Invention*; what will become of your *Thorough-pac'd Alſatia-man*, do ye think, with his *Natural Talents*?

Why thou art in the Altitudes, Citt; *a* Caſuiſtical Oath *ſays*? *What is the knack of That ſame* Caſuiſtical Oath, *I pre'thee*?

A Caſuiſtical Oath.

Citt. A *Caſuiſtical Oath*, *Bumpkin*; is an *Oath* with a *Nicety* in it: which *Nicety* may be ſolv'd *Two ways*: either by bringing the *Oath* to the *Conſcience*, or the *Conſcience* to the *Oath*. As for Example; The *Covenant* was a *Caſuiſtical Oath*, wherein the *Words* were Firſt brought to the *Conſcience*, and then the *Conſcience* to the *Intent*.

Caſes of Conſcience.

Bum. *Let me put ſome Caſes to ye*; *ſuppoſe a Man ſwarn out of his Right by* One Falſe Oath: *Whether or no may a* Body *ſwear him into't again by* Another?

Citt. Without diſpute you may: (See the Holy *Commonwealth*) For it becomes an Oath of *Providence*, when it is apply'd to the maintenance, and ſupport of *Truth* and *Juſtice*. And this holds too in ſwearing againſt the *Enemies of the Goſpel*; when the *Excellency* of the *End* atones for the *Iniquity* of the *Means*. Or at worſt, 'tis but venturing to become a *Caſt-away* (after a *Scripture Example*) for a *General Good*.

The Saints ſhew a Text for all they do.

Bum. *Ay, that's a ſure way* Citt, *for a man to ſhew a* Text *for all he does. As how ſhould the* Saints *have warranted their* Violence *againſt the* Late King, *and his* Loyal Nobility; *if it had not been for* that Text *in their favour*, they ſhall binds their Kings in Chains, and their *Nobles* in Links of Iron.

Citt. Or let us imagine that a Man has a *Wife* and *Children*, and not a bit of bread to put into their Heads: what do you think of a *Falſe Oath*, in *ſuch* a Caſe for a *Livelyhood*?

Bum. *Nothing Plainer*, *for* he's worſe than an Infidel that does not provide for his Family.

Citt.

Citt. But then here's *Another subtlety* for ye: *One* man *swears* what he *thinks*, and it proves *False*: *Another swears* what he does *Not think*, and it proves *True*. As thus, I see a person walking in his Formalities, and swear, *there goes such a Doctor*; and it proves to be a *Baboon*; I see somebody in the *Chair*, and take him for a man of *Quality*, and he proves to be a *Knight of the Post*. A Nice Point.

Bum. *This is only swearing* to the best of a mans knowledge.

Citt. But what if I should swear that Gentleman in the *Gown*, to be a *Baboon*, and the other resemblance of a man of *Quality*, to be a *Knight of the Post*: And yet, without my believing either the One or the Other, they prove to be *such*, How goes That point.

Bum. *Such anaverment (I conceive) is to be taken rather for an* Inspiration, *then an* Oath.

Citt. Now there's *Another* way of *swearing* too: And that is, with a *Salvo*, or *Reserve*; which the *Doctors* of the *Separation* have in great Perfection (the *Jesuits* call it a *Mental Reservation*) as *the King's JUST Priviledges*: —— *According to the BEST-REFORMED Churches*: —— *As far as LAWFULLY I may*—— and the like. Swearing with a Salvo.

Bum. *What do ye think of* Him *that parting from a* good Fellow *with a* Pot *at's Head, made* Affidavit *in Court* (*to excuse his* Non-appearing) *that* he left him in such a Condition that he believ'd he could not live a Quarter of an hour in't? Vulgar shifts.

Citt. Ay ay, and the guiding of a *Dead mans hand* to the signing of a *Deed*, and then swearing to the *Hand*, these are Vulgar shifts.

Bum. *But pray'e what's the meaning of that Text that says*, Swear not at all? *For we must live up to our Rule*,

Citt. If we had not *Other Texts* to *Justifie* swearing, we must have understood it according to the *Letter*. This is only meant of *Profane*, *Customary*, *Vain*, and *Inconsiderate Swearing*, without either *Provocation*, or *Profit*. And it is better certainly, for a man to *make* his Fortune by *One Pertinent Oath*, securing his *Future State*, by a matter of twenty pound a year, to a *Lecture*, when he dyes; then to go to the *Devil*, out at the *Elbows*, for a *Million* of *Idle ones*. Against swearing without Profit.

Bum. *But what did ye mean*, e'en *now by* Conference, *and* Invention *about swearing?*

Of Conference and Invention in Swearing.

Citt. Conference is nothing in the World but putting of your Fiddle in *Tune*: And *Invention* helps every man in the *Gracing* of his *Part*. But then there's the *Invention WHAT*, and the *Invention HOW*; the *Invention* of the *Matter*, and the *Invention of the Manner*? 'Tis enough, as to the *Matter*, that it be fitted to the ſtreſs of the *Queſtion*: But the Regulating of the *Manner* requires great Skill, Care, and Judgement. There's nothing that more recommends an *Evidence*, either to the *Bench*, or *Jury*, than *Modeſty* of Behaviour, (even to the degree of *Baſhfulneſs*) *Mildneſs* of *Speech*, a ſeeming *Scruple* of being *Poſitive*, where the point is nothing to the *Purpoſe*: But a Diſcovery of *Paſſion*, *Fierceneſs*, and *Prepoſſeſſion* in a Cauſe, ſpoils all, and makes the *Teſtimony* look like *Malice*, or *Revenge*.

Bum. *I'm Inſtructed thus far. But where's the* Advantage *all this while, that an* Old Covenanter *has of a* Novice, *as you were ſaying e'en now?*

The advantage an old Covenanter has of a Novice.

Citt. Oh, they are *Many*, and *Great*. *Firſt*, he has gotten the *Command* of his *Conſcience*, and brought it to *Stop*, and *Turn*, at pleaſure. *Secondly*, He's true to his Mark, ſpring him what Game ye will, he flies it *Home*, *Thirdly*, He has the *Digeſtion* of an *Eſtrich*; for after the Swallowing of the *Crown*, and the *Mitre*, there's nothing riſes in his Stomach. *Fourthly*, there's no fear of *him*, for *ſniv'ling*, or *repenting*, and telling of *Tales*; for he's above the Common Fooleries of *Counſel*, *Argument*, or *Remorſe*.

Bum. *Nay*, *'tis with our Conſciences as with our* Jades; *a* Phaney, *or a* Wind-mill, *put them out of their Wits, till they're us'd to it. And there's no fear of his* Flinching *neither, I'll grant ye: For a* Conſcience *that has ſtood firm under the* Ruine *of* Three Kingdoms, *will never* Boggle *ſure in the Caſe of* Single Perſons. *And yet I find many of our* Old Stagers *come about too. How ſhall I diſtinguiſh now which of them are* Sound, *and which* Rotten at Heart?

Citt. There were *Some*, ye muſt know, that ſwore either in *Simplicity*, or to ſave a *Stake*: And *Others*, in *Deſign*. Now thoſe that were Noos'd *Before*, may be hamper'd *Again*, and thoſe that comply'd for *Advantage*, *Then*, will do ſo *Still*. And for the *Deſigners*, they may be known by the favour they ſhew to their *Old Principles*, and *Friends*; which is an *Infallible ſign* of the *Old Leaven* in them *ſtill*.

Bum.

Bum. *I'm of thy Opinion.* Citt; *and that they'l do us the Service ſtill, of* Honourable ſpies *in an* Enemies Quarter.

Citt. But what do we talk of *True*, and *Falſe*; which, in this Fallible world, is little more than Matter of *Opinion?* A *True Oath Out-Sworn*, paſſes for a *Falſe* one; and a *Falſe Oath*, not *detected*, paſſes for a *True* one: So that the *Scandal* of the *One*, and the *Reputation* of the *Other* is a thing of *Meer Chance.* Nay, in the practice of the World, tis rather the *Folly*, than the *Crime* of the *Falſhood* that marks a man for a *Raſcal*: For why ſhould *Perjury* be more *Venial* in *One* Caſe, than 'tis in *Another*? *Damme, Sirrah* (ſays a *Huff* to his *Lacquay*) *if I don't beat your brains out*; and yet he does not ſo much as Touch him. A young Fellow ſays a thouſand times more to his *Miſtreſs*, or to his *Creditour*, and makes not one word of it good. A *Bully* will do as much to an Unbelieving *Taylor* for a Suit of *Clothes*, though he never intends to pay him. And yet here's no Talk of *Inditements*, *Pillories*, or Loſs of *Lugs* in the Caſe. True and falſe, only matter of opinion.

Bum. *The* Reaſon *holds, I muſt confeſs*; *though the* Inſtances *do not perfectly* Agree: *For the* One *is an* Oath Originally Falſe *in the* Matter *of it*; *and the* Other *is an* Oath, made Falſe *by a* Subſequent breach *of it.*

Citt. Well, but all is *For-ſwearing* ſtill. And why a *Perjury* in *Choler*, in *Love*, for a Paultry Sum of *Mony*, or a pair of pitiful *Trowzes*, ſhould paſs only as words of Courſe, and yet ſo much Load he laid upon a *ſtretch* for the Relief of a *Neceſſitous Family*, the gaining of an *Eſtate*, the Preſerving of *Religion*; and perhaps the Converſion of a *Kingdom*: This is a thing, I ſay, that I do not Comprehend.

Bum. *This is the* Law, *the* Law, Citt; *the* damn'd Law! *that's the Ruine of us all. And what* is *this* Law *at laſt?*

Citt. It is juſt throwing up of *Croſs or Pile* in a *Vote. We* took *Croſs*, and it happen'd to be *Pile*; and ſo we *loſt* it. In ſhort, and in earneſt, we are guilty of Breach of Faith in the moſt ſolemn duties of our Chriſtian Profeſſion.

Bum. *Thou haſt ſpoken more for the* Power, *the* Myſtery, *and the* Benefits *of* Swearing, *then the whole* Aſſembly *of* Divines, *the bleſſed* Synod themſelves. *I prethee try thy ſkill now upon the Faculty of* LYING: *which as it* Naturally *goes before the Other*; *ſo I think it ſhould have preceded too in the Order of* place.

Citt. So it does, and it ſhould have ſo preceded; but that

ſwearing

Swearing and *Lying* comes better off the Tongue, methinks, than *Lying* and *Swearing*.

Bum. *This* Lying *is but a* Course word; *the precise folk in the Country call it* Fibbing; *but That will not do so Well neither: For* Fibbing *and* Lying, *differ just as* Tripping, *and* Stumbling, *or in some sense, as* Jest *and* Earnest. *So that I find it must be* Lying *at last.*

The Laudable Faculty of *LYING*.

Lyes Tacit and Expreſs.

Citt. To handle the point Methodically, *Bumpkin*, there are *Lyes*, *Tacit*, and *Expreſs*. *Tacit*, as by *Looks*, *Signs*, *Actions*, *Geſtures*, *Inarticulate Tones*: *Expreſs*, as *Words* at *Length*; and thoſe are *Lyes* either of *Creation*, *Compoſition*, *Subſtraction*, *Amplification*, or *Addition*: I might carry it farther to *Lyes Eccleſiaſtical*, and *Civil*; but I'm loth to ſpin the Thred too Fine.

Bum. *Theſe are high points*, Citt; *how ſhall a man tell a* Lye *I pre'thee, without Opening his* Mouth?

Citt. Why? did'ſt thou never hear of the Language of the *Fingers*? But the Queſtion is here upon *Hinting One thing*, and *Meaning Another*; and eſpecially in *Politicks*, and *Religion*, in order to a *Thorough Reformation*.

A Thorough Reformation.

Bum. *I have heard a world of Talk of that ſame* Thorough Reformation; *all our* Meetings ring *on't*; *and there's ſuch a deal of Clutter about the* Babyloniſh Garment; *the* not leaving of a Hoof behind; Root and Branch, *and the Like*: *But I could never reach the bottom on't yet.*

A Partial and a Thorough Reformation.

Citt. Take notice then that there is a *Simple*, or *Partial Reformation*, and there is a *Thorough Reformation*; the *Firſt*, in the Language of the *Reformers*, is only *Pruning of ſome Exorbitancies in Church and State*; As the Regulating of the *Kings Court*, paring the Nails of the *Prerogative*; the Lopping off here and there a *Rotten Lord*, or a *Popiſh Biſhop*; the Removal of an *Evil Councellor*, the purging of a *Diſſaffected Houſe of Commons*, or ſo: The *Other* leaves *no King*, *no Lord*, *no Biſhop*, *no Houſe of Commons at all*; and briefly, it ſignifies the turning of a *Monarchy* into a *Commonwealth*, an *Epiſcopacy* into a *Presbytery*, and our *Great Charter* into *our Will and Pleaſure*. In One word; it is *Diſmounting* of our *Superiors*, and getting our ſelves into the *Saddle*.

The End of this Reformation.

Bum.

Bum. *Well, but This muſt be done by degrees.*

Citt. Ay marry muſt it, *Bumpkin*; and many a good morrow too, before we come to the point. There muſt be *Petition* upon *Petition*, *Remonſtrances*, *Grievances*, *Popery*, *Tender Conſciences*, *Faſtings*, *Seeking of the Lord*, *Religion*, *Liberty*, and *Proteſtations* without End.

Bum. *Yes, yes, ye told me ſomewhat of this before, but it lies in a little compaſs; We muſt* Get *what we can by* Begging, *and then* Take *the* Reſt.

Citt. But now let me ſhew ye in *General*, how this is to be done. Whatſoever *leſſens* the *Government*, and *Exalts* the *Diſſenters* in the Eyes of the People, we are to conſider as a *proper Medium* toward a *Thorough-Reformation*; and this muſt be done by Hook or by Crook; but provided the thing be *done*, no matter *how*. The Reformers Two Topiques.

Bum. *But however* Citt; *we had better do't upon the* Square, *as far as the Matter will bear it, and make out the* Reſt *by* Fibbing.

Citt. That's a thing of courſe *Bumkin*, to *uncover* the *Nakedneſs* of the *Government*, and rip up the *Errours*, and *Diſtempers* of *Church* and *State*. Why we have a *Committee* for the *Regiſtring* of *Male-Adminiſtrations*; we have our *Spyes* up and down from the *Bed-Chamber* to the *Meal-tub*: There's not a *Tennis Court*, not a *Bawdy-Houſe*, not an *Eating*, or *Drinking-Houſe* about the Town that *ſcapes us*; not a *Glaſs*, not a *Word*, not a *Frolick*, in any Conſiderable Family; but we have it upon *Record*, and we have thoſe that will make it all good too upon *Oath*. Their Act and diligence.

Bum. *And this goes a great way, let me tell ye*, Citt; *for the People never conſider that* Rulers *are* Fleſh and Blood, *as well as* Other men: *and if any thing goes* amiſs, *they think there's no ſetting it* Right *again, without taking the whole Frame to* Pieces.

Citt. True *Bumpkin*, and that's the thing that muſt do our Work; but then if *Truth*, and matter of *Fact* will not hold out, we muſt have Recourſe to *Invention*. And now I come to my Text. You remember the *two Topiques* I gave ye, of *leſſening* the *Government*, and *Advancing* our *ſelves*.

Bum. *Yes, yes, but a Government may be* Leſſen'd ſeveral ways; *Leſſen'd in* Authority, *Leſſen'd in* Power, *Leſſen'd in* Reputation; *that is to ſay, in the* Eſteem, *and* Affections *of the* People, *either by* Hatred, *or* Contempt. Several ways of leſſening Authority.

Citt. Very well, and ſo have we our ſeveral ways of making our

our selves *Popular*: All which must be done by Improving Opportunities before us, tovvard these two Ends.

The language of Nature above that of Compact.

Bum. *But prethee tell me what advantage can we make of* Signs, *or how shall a man tell a* Fib, *without a word* speaking.

A Lye without a word speaking.

Citt. Why dost not thou know (*Bumpkin*) that the Language of *Nature* is infinitely more *Powerful*, and *Significant*, than that of *Compact*? 'Tis impossible to put the force of *Looks*, *Groans*, *Actions*, and *Gestures* into *Words*: Is it not a *Lye* to *look* as if we *pray'd*, and yet *Curse* in our *Hearts*; Or under Colour of a *Charity*, to put a *shilling* into the *Bason*, and take *half a Crown* out? *Lord turn the Kings Heart*: (says the man above) which draws so sorrowful a Countenance after it, from one end of the Tabernacle to the Other, that you'd swear we were either falling into the *'leventh Persecution*, or that the *Pope* were already on this side *High-gate*.

Bum. *'Tis a strange thing* Citt, *the Agreement that we find in many things, betwixt* Reasonable Creatures, *and* brute Animals, One Grone *runs quite thorough the* Meeting, *just as* One Note, *sets a whole pack of* Beagles *a yelling*.

Citt. This way of *Juggling*, and *Dissembling* by *Signs* is certainly very *Artificial*, and of *Incredible Effect*; but a man may better *understand*, than *express* it: And *Our People* are the most dextrous of all men living at that way of Address.

Of Fibbing in words at length.

Bum. *But what say you now to the business of* Lying, *or* Fibbing, *in words at length? Pray'e take your* Heads *in* Order, *and read upon them: And let me see some Instances how to apply them to the purposes of drawing the Affections of the People* from *the Government*, to our selves.

Citt. There is, First, a *Lye* or (let it be rather) a *Figment of Creation*, which Imports the raising of *Something* out of *Nothing*, and is a Figure not to be employ'd, but with Infinite Caution.

Bum. *Prethee go on* Citt (*for my Brain Clarifies strangely upon't*) *and make me understand where I* may *make use of it*; *and where* not.

A Lye, or Figment of Creation.

Citt. It may be useful, where the *present Belief* of a thing may be of greater *Benefit*, and *Service*, than the *Future Discovery* of it, can be a *Detriment*: As the Figment of the *Late King's* being Confederate with the *Irish Rebels*, the *Cavaliers* cruelty at *Branford*, &c. Now though these Impostures had no Foundation at all, they serv'd the present turn yet, for the moving of the

the *City*, and the drawing of men together upon that Occaſion; and when the Truth came afterwards to Light, the Forgery was only taken notice of as a Cheat, and that was all.

Bum. *Ay, and I have hear'd of the* Fobb'd Letters, *and the* Plague-plaiſters, *and the Tricks they had in thoſe days, ſtill as* One Plot cool'd, *for the bolting of* Another. *Theſe Devices ſtood 'um in great ſtead; and we have ſeen ſomething on't of* Late, *in the Rumours of the* Kings raiſing an Army to aw the *City*, and the Parliament; *and the Forty Thouſand* French *upon the Iſle of* Purbeck. *Theſe Stories let me aſſure you* Citt, *keep the Humour ſtirring.*

Citt. But what do you think of the Invention of the *Proteſtant Martyrs Domeſtick?* Where he tells ye of *one of his Royal Highneſſes Servants at* Edinburgh, *that was worſe than* Malcuſs'd, *for he had both his Ears cut off*; and then of *the throwing Stones at the Windows of his Oratory?*

Bum. *Why* Citt, *was this a* Lye *(as thou calſt it) of* Creation *then?*

Citt. Without the leaſt Colour for't in the World. Now 'tis not the *Fiction*, but the *Imprudence* of it, that Vexes me: For as to the *Former*, it is certain that the *Duke* was treated both in *Himſelf*, and in his *Train*, with the Higheſt Inſtances of Welcome and Reſpect *imaginable:* And then for the *Other*, the *Scots* were ſo far from *diſcountenancing* the Office of the *Church*, that a great many of the Nobility, and Perſons of Quality have taken up the *Uſe* of it in their *Own Families*. Now for him to impoſe this *Fiction* upon the World, without any preſſing *Neceſſity*, and to *no purpoſe at all*, when he might be ſure of a *Contradiction* by the *next Poſt*; This I ſay was a great ſlip of a wiſe man. The Proteſtant Domeſticks Miſtake.

Bum. *Come, come,* Citt, *The good man is not ſo much to be blam'd neither; for his* Intention *was to render the Duke Low in the Opinion of the* People, *and to diſcredit the* Common-Prayer. *Pray'e call to mind the account he gave of the famous Motion in the* City, *for the doubling of their* Guards, *and then ſet the* One *againſt the* Other.

Citt. No, no, *Bumpkin*; This is not to reflect upon Him; but only to ſhew thee how to apply this Figure. There is *another*, and a more *Profitable Fiction*, in regard that it is hard to be detected, as being grounded upon *Thought* and *Intention*; as the Late Kings Deſign of ſetting up *Arbitrary Power* and *Popery*; Intentions not liable to preſſ.

ry; his purpose of coming into *London* one night with his *Papists*, and *Cavaliers*, to *burn*, *kill*, and *ravish* all before him. Now This was an Invention of *great Force*; For though in my Conscience his Majesty never *intended* it, yet the story past for current with the Multitude; only by the Vigilance of some active and zealous Patriots it was prevented. These *Figments* you may apply to the Head of *Lessening* the *Credit* of the *Government*.

Bum. *And in some degree, I hope, of* advancing *our* selves *for such a deliverance works Both ways.*

Citt. Oh, *greatly, Bumpkin*; For as the People were possest One way *against* the *King*, for Designing upon their *Liberties*, *Properties*, and *Religion*, so were they as much perswaded on the Other hand, in favour of those that put themselves in the *gap*, to withstand That Oppression: whereas by the sequel it appear'd, that the *Kings* Design was only to *defend* the *Government*, and the *Others*, to *Invade* it.

Bum. *We have run much of late upon This Vein of* Intention, *and it has done notably well with us too; for we have shook the very Foundation of the Government with it.*

The Force of the word *Affected.*

Citt. O, *Bumpkin*, thou dost not know the Charm of those Four Syllables, *Intention*; the irresistible *power* and *virtue* of that little word *AFFECTED*: *Popishly-Affected*, *Tyranically-Affected*; This was it that blew up Three Kingdoms but the Other day; *Faux's Powder* under the Parliament-House was *nothing* to't. We have no *Windows* into our *Breasts*, and there no *proving* or *disproving* of a *Thought*; only to those *Goblins*, *Fears*, and *Jealousies*, every thing they look upon appears *Double*, even to the *discovery* of things that have no *Being*.

Bum. *Stay a little: May not a Man suppose a Third Contrivance now, as Groundless as any of the rest? 'Tis but laying it remote enough, and the thing's Forgotten before ever the Truth can come to be Known.*

Citt. This is very well hinted, *Bumpkin*, and we have found it a very *Commodious Expedient*, even in This very Juncture. How many Bruits have been rais'd concerning *Leagues*, and *Intelligences Abroad*, *Designs*, and *Intrigues* at *Home*; that for a Month or Six weeks it may be, have set the People a madding from one end o'th Town to the Other; and at last not one syllable True, but all past over as if no such thing had

ever

ever been. Take me aright, *Bumpkin*; I do not ſpeak This as condemning the *Practice*, but to ſet forth the Effect of this way of *Fibbing*.

Bum. *That's underſtood* Citt; *for 'tis not our part to Examine the* Means, *whether they be* Good, *or* Bad; *but to purſue the* End, *and bring* That *about*, *by* any means *whatever*. *But what do ye ſay now to the* Lye *of* Compoſition, *as you call it?* No matter by what means, ſo, we gain the End.

Citt. It is a *Figment*, *Citt*, that's made up of *Truth*, and *Falſhood*: but ſo enterwoven with *Colours*, and *Diſguiſes*, that 'tis hard to ſay *which* is *which*. Compoſition.

Bum. As if ye ſhould put Rats-bane *into a Meſs of* Porridge: *'tis* Porridge *ſtill*, *though it be* Poyſon.

Citt. Very well Alluded *Bumpkin*, and the *Truth*, or the *Porridge*, is only (as the Doctors call it) the *Vehicle* to convey the *Poyſon*. The *Art*, and *Myſtery* of *this Fib* lies in gaining credit on the *Fiction*, by acknowledging thoſe *Notorious Truths* that cannot be *Conceal'd*.

Bum. *Ay*, *ay man*; *for that's but* telling *what every body* knows. *As for the purpoſe*. *The* Presbyterians *took up* Arms *'tis true*, *but alas*! *They never meant any hurt to his* Majeſty: *and yet they took his* Royal Authority *to* themſelves, *and ſeiz'd his* Shipping, *his* Forts, *and his* Revenue.

Citt. Ay but for *that Bumpkin*, they ſay learnedly that the *King* was in the *Two Houſes*, when *Charles Stuart* was in the Head of an *Army*.

Bum. *But they ſay again*, *that they never meant any hurt to his* Perſon *neither*; *and yet they* Revil'd *him*, *and* Shot *at him*.

Citt. The *Arch-Biſhop* of St. *Andrews* was *Kill'd*, but then he was an *Ill*, *Harſh Man*, they ſay: 'twas done in *Revenge*, and no Act of the *Kirk Party*: We were mightily divided about the *Scotch Riſing*. At firſt, there was no more in't, than a *Tumultuary Rabble* that were got together to deliver themſelves from an *Illegal Oppreſſion*: And this paſt for current, till it was found to be a *form'd Rebellion*, and that the *Covenant* was the *Foundation* of it.

Bum. *The Doctrine's this*; *Not to own any thing more than needs muſt*, *and to palliate what's amiſs the beſt we can*. *And ſo proceed I pray'e to the point of* Subſtraction.

Citt. The Rule of *Swearing*, *Bumpkin*, that is to ſay, *the Truth*, *the whole Truth*, *and nothing but the Truth*, does not hold in *Ly-* A Lye of Subſtraction.

ing; so that in this Case of *Substraction*, we tell the *Truth*, but not the *whole Truth*.

Bum. *Our* Common Intelligences *are singularly good at* this Figure: *for they tell ye just as much of the Story as serves their turn, and no more.*

The Artificial Improvement of Substraction.

Citt. They do so. Oh they are very well instructed: As in the Story of the *Officer* that broke a fellows head, as they were going to *Bramford* to chuse *Parliament Men*: He tells ye of the *Head broken*, but not a word of the *Provocation*; as the disordering of his men in the *March*, and their bauling out, no *Courtiers*, no *Pensioners*, no *Whitehall-men*.

Bum. *That's a Plaguy way though* Citt; *and so for* Satterthwait, *about firing* De-la-Noys *House! He had the cleerest proofs in the World of his Innocence; the Acquittal of the Court, and the Wench put to death that accused him. But Honest* Benjamin *waves the Point, and tells ye only that* ever since the Maids Condemnation, she continues firm in what she first asserted, as to her being hir'd to Commit that horrid Fact.

Citt. These things are of infinite use *Bumpkin*, and if ye mark it, there passes not a Week without scandalous Reflections upon some of the *Guards*, to make the People sick of 'um. And 'tis very good Policy this, for if they were out of the way, our business were done.

Papers the true Fireballs.

Bum. *These* Papers *are the true* Fireballs, *Forty times beyond the Compositions of* Powder, *and* Aquavitæ.

Citt. They are so *Bumpkin*. There's no need of *Poking* them into *Hay-Lofts* with *Long Poles*; *Untiling of Houses*, *Breaking of Windows*, *Creeping into Cellars*, &c. 'Tis but one *Tugg* at the *Press*, here in *London*, and in *Eight and Forty hours* ye shall see the *whole Kingdom* in a *Flame*. And let me tell ye, this *Fibb* of Substraction does a great deal towards it.

Bum. *And so it does in the Report these Pamphlets give ye upon all* Tryals, *where a* Popish Cur *has the good luck to come* off. Don't *ye see how they whip the* Bench, *and the* Jury *about the* Pig-Market? Sir Thomas Gascoin *was return'd* Not Guilty: *but it was by a* Jury *of his* Countrymen. *And so ye are told the* Charge, *with a very slender, or no Account at all of the* Defence.

Citt. Why this is by the Virtue of *Substraction*: it is a kind of a *Negative Lye*, the *Concealing* any *Substantial part* of the *Truth*. They talk as if there were a Design afoot for the *Suppressing* of

of these *Intelligences*: and by my Soul, I believe it would be the *Undoing* of the *Cause*.

Bum. *Why they Govern the Land, man*; *Do they not* make *and* Dissolve *what* Alliances *they please*, Arraign Judges, Condemn Innocents, *Put* out, *and put* in, *what* Privy Counsellors *they think fit*, Place, *and* Displace Secretaries of State, *Publish the Privacies of the* Cabinet; *And in all Cases, tell the People what they are to trust to*?

Pamphlets govern the Land.

Citt. Right, and all this passes for *Gospel* in the *Country*, though the Devil a word on't that's known at *White-Hall*. But then they have the cruellest way of Nicking a man when they have a mind to't. Such a one has got such or such a Place at Court, though so and so: and to'ther must be Committed *Close Prisoner*, though the *Lords in the Tower* may have People come to them, and play at *Nine-Pins*.

Bum. *Ay*, *And then let the Bravest things Imaginable be done by* One man, *either ye have the bare* Abstract *in General, of such a thing done, or nothing at all*: *But if Another man does but let a* Fart *upon a Fit of* Belly-ake, *there's a* Thanksgiving *presently all over* England *and* Wales, proclaim'd *for his* Recovery.

Killing goes by favour.

Citt. These are Great helps *Bumpkin*, that we can *Raise* and *Depress* whom *we* please. Beside that the Multitude from *these Liberties* draw *this Conclusion*, either they would *Contradict* these things, if they *could*, Or *Hinder* them if they *Durst*. We'll go now to the *Figment* of *Addition*.

Bum. *A* Substraction *is the* Truth, *but not the* Whole Truth; so Addition, *I presume*, *is somewhat* more than the Truth: *But pray'e let me distinguish betwixt* Composition *and* Addition.

Citt. The Former, is the *Blending* and *Confounding* of the *Truth* with *Fictitious Matter*: The other is the piecing out of a *Truth* with a *Falshood*, when the *bare Truth* would not do the Work. As thus, It is true, that the Army rais'd for some Attempt upon the *Netherlands*, in 1673. was drawn up on *Black-Heath*; But all the rest of the Story, for the Advance of the *French Government*, the Promoting of the *Irish Religion*, and the threatning of a *Storm* to fall upon *London*, is an *Additional Figment*. It is *True*, that there were Fire-works found in the *Savoy*, but the *Addition* is *false* of being *design'd* according to the *Story*.

The Figment of Addition.

Bum. *What's the difference now betwixt* Addition, *and* Amplification.

Citt.

Amplification.

Citt. Addition is a *Supplement* of new *Fact*: *Amplification* is only an *Aggravation* of the *Matter* in *Queſtion*: Or in a ſhort, the ſetting a flouriſh or a glaſs upon the buſineſs. And it holds as well in the making of our *Adverſaries Odious*, as our *ſelves Conſiderable*.

Bum. *I have many times obſerved that Gods* Judgments & Bleſſings *have been ſtill either Imputed to the* Wickedneſs *of the* Epiſcopal Party, *or aſcribed to the* Sanctity *of the* Non-Conformiſts.

Citt. But if you will ſee a *Maſter-piece*, Read the *Preamble* to the Relation of the *Kings Army* at *Bramford*. And take this with you beforehand, that there was no cruelty exerciſed at all, beyond the common effects of *Hot blood* upon ſo *Obſtinate* a diſpute.

A wonderful aggravation.

Unnatural, Inhumane, and ſtrange Cruelties, ſend forth a Voice, and the Voice which they ſend forth is ſo loud, that it awakes even ſecure and ſleepy Mankind, and ſtirs up their Bowels to an enflamed and united Indignation. The divided pieces of a Woman abuſed to death, needed not the Eloquence or Voice of an Orator, they ſpake themſelves, and they ſpake ſo loud, that they were heard by a whole Nation, and drew forth this Anſwer, there was no ſuch deed done nor ſeen from the day that the Children of Iſrael *came out of* Egypt. *Neither did they fetch only an Anſwer of Word, but of Deeds: All the Men of* Iſrael *gather d together as One Man, againſt the Authours and Abetters of that abominable wickedneſs.*

It is a Lamentation, and to be taken up for a Lamentation, that in England *ſuch horrid Acts ſhould be done, that yield forth this higher-ying & affrighting Voice — No ſuch thing hath been done ſince* England *came out of the* Egypt *of* Rome, &c. *Exact Collections*, Pag. 758.

Better at Oaths and Fibbs than Arguments.

Bum. *Why this Exclamation was as much as the whole Cauſe was worth. Ah,* Citt, *if we were no better at Oaths and Fibbs, than we are at Arguments, we ſhould e'en bring our Hoggs to a fair Market.*

Swearing and Lying the beſt Arguments.

Citt. Alack for thee *Bumpkin*, thou doſt not *know* an *Argument* when thou *ſeeſt* it. Why this knack of Swearing and Lying is our way of Arguing; and whoever carries the Cauſe (let him carry it right or wrong) is the beſt Diſputant. Prethee tell me; what would'ſt thou think of any man that ſhould go to convert the *Chineſes* in *Welch*, or talk *Hebrew* to a *Laplander*? 'Tis the ſame thing man, to talk *Reaſon* to the *Rabble*. 'Tis little leſs than *Popery* ye Fool; 'tis *ſpeaking in an unknown Tongue*; what were all your *Cavalier-Doctors*, and *Stateſmen* the better for

for their *Syllogiſms*, their *Politicks*, and their *Caſes of Conſcience*; when the very noiſe of *TYRANT*, and *IOPERY* beat 'um all out of the *Field* ?

Bum. *Nay, I muſt confeſs*, Citt; *that* Our Caſe *is to be decided by the* Multitude; *and That way muſt needs ſucceed beſt, that is moſt accommodate to the Humour and Capacity of the* Umpires *of the* Controverſie. *But yet I could wiſh that thou had'ſt born up a little t'other day, to* Trueman, *upon the Points of* Religion *and* Government.

Citt. Why you muſt know, *Bumpkin*, that there are Two ways of *Reply* upon Diſputes of That Quality, the *One* is by *Reaſon*, (which ſounds the ſame thing with the Apoſtles *Vain Philoſophy*;) and the *Other* is by *Clamour*: The *former* is for your *Speculators*, or *Pedants*; and the other is for men of *Zeal*, and *Buſineſs*. But there's One has mawl'd *him* ſince, to ſome purpoſe i'faith, I believe he'l have little Joy of his *Diſputations*. Two ways of Reply, Reaſon, and Clamour.

Bum. *Oh, I have heard of two or three that have had a Fling at him. There's One of 'um they ſay that's a* Deviliſh Witty Little Fellow, *but I can't for my Blood call his Name to mind; but I think 'twas* Pugg; *or thereabouts.* Little *Pugg's* witty fellow

Citt. By my Troth like enough, for one was telling me to'ther day, that the *Drill* in *Bartle-mew Fair*, with a *Leaguer Pipe* in's mouth, was the very *Picture* of him. But didſt not thou ſee *Romes Hunting-match* ?

Bum. *Yes, yes*; *'tis a* Broad ſide *with a* Wooden Cutt; *They have put him in the Head there of the* Popes Beagles, *with a* Pen *in One* Paw, *and a* Fire-ball *in the* Other. *They call the whole* Pack *the* Antichriſtian Crew: *The Fellow has a roundy Head-piece that Contriv'd it.* Another threwd Head-piece.

Citt. Ay, but the *t'other* girds him Confoundedly; and then there's a *Letter* worſe than *That* too. But this is all by way of *Anſwer*: If thou could'ſt but *Recite his Poſitions* now, you and I might bang it out, hand to fiſt, in *Mood*, and *Figure* (as they ſay.)

Bum. *Nay, let* me *alone for a* Reciter, *if* That *will do't.* The Crown of *England* is allow'd on all hands to be *Imperial*; *and* That *I lay down for my* Firſt Poſition.

Citt. Why then y'are a *Crack-fart*, and a *Penſioner*. Now go on, without any Demur. *Pugg's* Logick.

Bum. The King is *Unaccountable*; and not One of the *Three Eſtates*, as *Lame Giles* would have him.

Citt. Y'are a *Sawce-box*, and a *Yorkiſt*.

Bum.

Bum. I will maintain that *England* is not a *Mixt*, but only a *Qualifi'd Monarchy*.

Citt. Y're an idle *Fellow*, *Sirrah*; and I have ſeen ye at *Maſs* at the *Proteſtant Coffee-houſe*.

Of Subjection & Dominion.

Bum. *I ſay again, that there is but the* Governing, *and the* Governed; *and that They are no longer the* Governed, *that* Govern, *nor the* Governing *that are* Governed. *And in Little, That* Subjection *and* Dominion *are Inconſiſtent, in One and the ſame* time, *and* ſubject.

Citt. Y're an *Idle*, *Impudent Fellow*, and I'le be hang'd if I don't catch ye in the *Sham-Plot*. What do ye think of *This* now? And tell me without Complement, if I have not run this Puppy up to the Wall.

Bum. *I cannot for my Life* Citt, *underſtand this way of* Anſwering *yet*.

Citt. Why prethee *Bumpkin, calling of Names*, is *ſpeaking* to the *People* in a *Language* that they do both *Underſtand*, and *Believe*.

Bum. *Oh, there's no Queſtion to be made on't, a man had better be ſuſpected for a* Spirit, *than for a* Papiſt: *Nay, if it were but* Popiſhly Affected, *it would go hard with him. But what will ye* ſay Citt; *if I tell ye of a man that ſaw the* deviliſh Letter *that ye ſpoke of?*

A Secret.

Citt. I have heard ſomewhat on't my ſelf. But prethee let's confer Notes upon't. Is there not ſomething in't, that he would have been Fribling with a *Printers Wife* once; and that he promis'd to bring off her *Husband* if ſhe'd have done him the good Office? I had it from *Barefoot*, and yon ſame *Bacon-of-Government-man*, what a Devil do ye call him? the *Caſe-Porter* at the *Swan* in *Fiſh-ſtreet*; he that ſwell'd ſo at the Name of the Duke of *York*: Pox on't, that I ſhould forget him now; *Did ye never hear of the Thumb?* as *Ariſtippus* ſays.)

Some body help me out.

Bum. *Why Faith* Citt, *I have heard as much: But I have been told too by one of the* Journey men, *that ſhe was always* a good Gameſome Wench, *and that the* Gentleman (*being* well bred) *might perhaps offer her the* Civility *to* Oblige *her*.

The Lady no blabb.

Citt. I can ſay nothing to her *Gameſomeneſs*; but ſhe was no *Blab*, I can aſſure ye; For though ſhe was in *Court*, when her Husband was *Fin'd* and *Sentenc'd* upon that *Gentlemans Proſecution*, ſhe made no words on't.

Bum. *That's well obſerv'd*, Citt; *For ſhe ſhould have told the* Bench *me-thinks*; *that* if ſhe would have done ſo and ſo, ſhe'd never come to This.

Citt.

Citt. Ay but Yonder's a *Broken Thread-merchant*, *Bumpkin*, (and he had it from *his own Brother*) told a Friend of mine, that *Trueman* (when *Licenſing* was in faſhion) would never *Licenſe* any thing againſt the *Papiſts*; and that he took *money* for *Licenſing*; and layd a *Tax* upon *his Majeſties Liege-People*, (as *Pugg* the *Notarius* has it) without the conſent of their *Repreſentatives* in *Parliament*. Have a care of the Thread-Merchant.

Bum. *Theſe are bloody things*, Citt; *and they reſolve to ſcour him as bright as ſilver, before they have done with him.*

Citt. Nay, if we don't make him either a *Papiſt*, or *Popiſhly Affected* I'le dye for't: Yes, or any man living, that has either *a good Eſtate, good Furniture* in's houſe, *Money* in his *Pocket*, or *Brains* in his *Head*.

Bum. *Well, but to my knowledge*, Citt, Trueman *does not value himſelf upon any of* theſe Qualifications. *But prethee let's leave this Noddy a little, and talk of ſomething elſe; what doſt think was the reaſon that our* Parliaments *have been put off ſo* of Late?

Citt. The very Queſtion that I put t'other day my ſelf; and 'twas anſwer'd Thus. That the *Nation* could not be *Happy*, but in the Preſervation of the *Government*, as it is eſtabliſht by *Law*: for the tearing of the *Law* to pieces, muſt needs diſtract the *People*, when they have no Rule to walk by: That a great many worthy Perſons were diſappointed in the Elections, by being *miſrepreſented* to the People: That by theſe Practiſes, diverſe perſons were obtruded upon the Nation, of *remarkable Diſaffections* both to *Church*, and *State*: And that therefore, I ſuppoſe, they might be put off, to the end that ſome *Other Diſtempers* might be *compoſed*, before their *Meeting*. Matters of State.

Bum. *Well! and what Return did'ſt thou make him?*

Citt. I told him, he Smelt of the *Court*; and that he had a *Rope* in's belly: and ſo I would have no more to do with him. The old Topique.

Bum. *Theſe People are grown Strangely* bold *of Late. But* Perſeverance *is a* Grace, Citt; *that will carry us on, thorough* Thick and Thin.

Citt. Now thou talk'ſt of a *Grace*, *Bumpkin*; there is not any *Action*, or *Profeſſion*, in Humane Life, without its *peculiar Graces*. There are the *Graces* of the *Tubb*, and of the *Pulpit*; the *Quack*, and the *Doctor*; Nay, the *Academy*, and the *Padd*, as the *Scotch-man* ſaid of *Du-Vall*, that was Truſs'd up for the *High-way*. *By my Saul* [illegible] ſays Several ſorts of graces.

(Says he) *It would have done your Heart good to have ſeen That Gentleman upon Action. One* man becomes the *Bench*; *Another* the *Stage*: And ye ſhall ſee *One* man *Robb a Church* with a better Grace than *Another* Erects an *Hoſpital*.

Bum. *And then we call a* Well-affected Brother, *a Babe of* Grace.

Citt. That's ſomewhat near the matter, *Bumpkin*; for the *Grace* that we have to do withal, is only a certain Gift of *Impulſe*, that diſpoſes a man to the *Exerciſe* of his *Trade*, and *Calling*. As for Example; What's a *Pick-pocket* the better for his Skill in *Diving*, if he has not the Grace to keep his hands in Ure? But now for thy *Perſeverance* thorow *Thick and Thin*, there's more in *That*, perhaps, than thou art aware of; for there's a difference betwixt *Staring*, and *Stark mad*.

Bum. *I prethee be clear*, Citt; *that we may underſtand one another.*

Of Perſeverance.

Citt. The *Dutch* have a very good *Proverb*, *Heaven helps the ſtrongeſt*; (they ſay) So long as *Providence* is on Our ſide *Bumpkin*, all's *Well*; but I'm not for Running my head againſt *Stone-Walls*.

Bum. *But how* far *muſt we go then*, Citt; *and whither* Next?

Citt. Take *me* for thy Guide, *Bumpkin*, and my life for thine thou ſhalt never Miſcarry. The Game *we* have to play is a kind of *Trick-Track*: (but what do I talk of *Trick-Track* to a *Bumpkin*) the great Nicety is to know when to go *Off*.

Bum. *So that in ſome Caſes I find we* may *go off: But why muſt I ſwear ſo damnably againſt* Flinching *then?*

Citt. Becauſe *we* are bound in Honour, *Bumpkin*, not to *Flinch*. But if the *Cauſe it ſelf Flinches*, who can help it?

Bum. *What do you think then of the* Five Scottiſh Martyrs, *who maintain'd it to the Death that the* Killing *of the* Arch-Biſhop *was no* Murther; *and the* Riſing, *no* Rebellion. *And yet (as I take it)* Their *Cauſe had* Flinch'd *to ſome* tune, *when the whole Party was either* Cut off, Routed, *or taken* Priſoners.

Citt. As a friend, *Bumpkin*, the world is made up of *Fools*, and *Knaves*; *Some* are to *Act*, and *Others* to *Contrive*; the *Fools* are to keep up the *Claim*, and the *Knaves*, when time ſerves, are to take *Poſſeſſion*.

Bum. *Well, but what muſt become of* Us *in the* Interim *then?*

Citt. The *Interim*, (as thou call'ſt it) is a kind of *Inter-regnum*; wherein we are *Abſolv'd* (as it were) by a certain *Extraordinary Diſpenſation*, from all *Bonds*, *Civil*, and *Moral*, till we can get Uppermoſt *again*. Abſolution from Oaths and Promiſes.

Bum. *So that here are* Two Providences, *One upon the heel of the Other: The* One *in turning all our* Oaths, *and* Promiſes, *in* the Interval, *into* Nullities; *And the* Other *is an allowance of us to make the beſt of the* Firſt Opportunity.

Citt. That's well Collected: For *all Oaths*, and *Promiſes* are *Void*, when the thing promiſed ceaſes to be in *our Own Power*: And an Oath that was *made* in the *Fleſh*, may be *broken* in the *Spirit*.

Bum. *Deliver me!* *Here's* Trueman *juſt upon us. If he talks again, ſtand to him*, Citt.

Citt. The Rogue has us in's Eye; and there's no ſlipping into the Wood; but let *me* alone with him.

Enter Trueman.

True. Well met Gentlemen. What? you're for a Mornings Draught at *Hamſtead* (I ſuppoſe,) I'le e'en back again and keep ye Company.

Citt. If you pleaſe, Sir, 'tis a fine Walk.

True. So; and how go Squares ſince the craſh we had yonder at —— *What do ye call the Place?*

Citt. Oh, very well; there's a Book come out that proves a man may talk of *Religion*, and *Government* as learnedly over a Diſh of *Coffee*, as over a Pot of *Ale*.—— There's a *Bobb*, *Bumpkin*, by the way of *Tom* and *Dick*.——(aſide.) *Tom* and *Dick*.

True. Look ye, Here's the Book. I ha' juſt read it over.

Bum. *Pray let me ſee't a little.* —— *Ay, here 'tis: I wonder in my heart what the man means by putting* **Strange**, *and* **Strangely**; *and* **Strange** *and* **Stranger** *again, in the* 5th *and* 6th *Pages here, in the great* Black Engliſh Letter, *ſo different from the reſt of the Book.* A High-flight of Wit.

True. Nothing in the world but a high-flight of Wit; as if a man that is in *Trouble*, should cry, *O thou villanous, Rascally* **Care**! Or tell a *Slavering Cur* that *Fawns* upon ye to your *Face*, and *Bawls* at ye behind your *Back*, *Oh*! *y'are* **Curtis**, *Sir.*

Bum. *Well, but I'm with you once again, What do you think of your* University-Dul-man *there*, Pag. 12. *with his*, O Lord, make these *Young Willows* to grow up to be *Old Oaks*, that they may become *Timber*, fit to *Wainscote* thy *New Jerusalem.*

True. Upon my Credit, this *Dulman* was a *Presbyterian* (For *your Divines* have, here and there, an *University-man* among them! And it was another of the *Same stamp*, that told God Almighty in his Prayer; *Lord*, *if thou didst but know what our Friends Suffer now in* Ireland, &c.

Citt. Pray'e let *me* have a word now; How will ye justifie the *calling to mind, relating, and Printing, (notwithstanding the Acts of Oblivion) all the Evils of our Late Rebellion?* as we find it charg'd, *pag.* 22.

True. Nay, rather, *Citt*, how will *you* acquit your selves, either to God, or Man, for *doing* the same things over again; if it be so heinous for Other people to *Remember* them? As if a *Pardon* for *One Rebellion*, were an *Authority* for *Another.*

A Learned Piece.

Citt. Pray'e let me read This Passage to ye Here, Pag. 28. *He that is not* against *us*, *is* with *us*. *And I never heard he* (speaking of *L'Estrange*) *ever wrote against* Catholiques; *except it were a* Protestant Catholique; *(and that (he says) is a Solœcism.) But he has pepper'd the* Presbyterians. *A* Protestant *(he says) is a* Lutheran; *and a* Catholique *the* Characteristical Note *of a* Christian; *And it seems, he would have the Church of* England *stick up her bristles, and disown all Fellowship with* Protestants abroad, *and knock out all* Non-conformists brains *at* Home; *as the only way to prevent* Popery: What do ye think on't?

True. Why I'le tell ye *Citt*; you never writ against *Incest*; are ye *for it* therefore? *L'Estrange* never writ against the *Alcoran*; is he therefore a *Mahumetan*? Neither do I find any thing you have Cited of him, but what is *True*, and *Warrantable.* You say *he has pepper'd the Presbyterians*; and the world knows they have need of *Seasoning.* But why the *Bristles* of the Church of *England*? For the *Beasts*, ye know, are all in the *Purlews.* Nor does he speak One word of *dividing* from *Protestants abroad*: Only upon Dr. *Oates's Testimony*, that the

the Priests lye lurking among the *Non-conformists*, he very Honestly advises the Ferretting of the *Conventicles*: And this your Author calls forsooth, *The beating out the brains of the Non-conformists.*

Bless me Gentlemen! is This the *Pillar* of your *Profession?* the *Mouth*, and *Advocate* of your *Cause?* Why there's not one grain of *Common Sense*, *Honesty*, or *Good Manners* in't; Not a *Ragg* that would not bring a *Scandal* upon a *Dust-Cart.* *Pugg* the mouth of the Cause.

Citt. You may value't as you please; but he has done as much in his *Narratives* for the *Protestant Religion*, it may be, as any man, and with as good applause too, though they pass in other peoples Names. *Puggs* Narratives.

Bum. *'Tis an admirable Piece, That of his about the* Fires, *and several Other things too, really that would make a mans heart ake.*

True. If thou mean'st by way of *Compunction*, *Bumpkin*, I cann't Imagine how *One* man can *repent* of *Another* mans *Sins.* But I suppose thou Speak'st of *Earth-quakes*, and *Signs* in the *Ayr*; which are enough to make a mans heart Ake indeed.

Citt. And then for his *Stile*, *Trueman*, He has a *Copia Verborum*, for all *Sorts* and *Sizes*, of *Matters*, and *Men*; as *Rogue*, *Rascal*, *Knave*, *Villain*, *Traytor*, *Trash*, *Trumpery*, *Trinkets*, and so forth, till this time *Twelve-moneth.* I'le undertake he shall Pelt ye a *Cathedral-man Four and Twenty Hours* by *Shrewsbury Clock*, and not call him Twice by the same Name. And then on the Other side, If he has the hap (in the heat of his *Career*) to stumble upon a poor *Dissenting Brother*, he licks his lips upon't, and pouts forth nothing but *Milk* and *Honey*: Oh the *Precious Ones*, *The Chosen of the Lord*, and more Heavenly *Epithetes* then would lie betwixt *This* and *High-gate.* *Puggs* Faculties.

True. But has he any *Languages* too?

Citt. If you had him but one half-hour upon the *Talking-Pin*, you'd swear that he had swallow'd *Calepines Dictionary* whole, and spew'd it *up* again; And such a *Memory* ——

True. These are wonderful Faculties Gentlemen, to qualifie a man to be the Advocate of a Party.

Citt. But what if the Gentleman were as despicable as you make him? what's that to our *Profession?*

True. Oh very much; for if he be *Your Representative*, *You* Speak in *Him*; and he does but *Blunder*, *Rail*, *Falsifie*, and *Cobble*, in *your Name*, and by *Your Commission*: If it be otherwise, disown him. But what is your Profession First?

Citt.

Citt. We do *profeſſe* our ſelves to be *Loyal Subjects* to his Majeſty in his *Juſt Authority*; and *True Proteſtants*, according to the Pattern and Practice of the *beſt Reformed Churches*.

True. That is to ſay, in *Plain Engliſh*, you are *Covenanteers*.

Citt. Well, but I hope a man may be both a *Good Subject*, and a *Good Chriſtian*; and yet a *Covenanter*.

The Covenanting Chriſtian and Subject.

True. Can *he* be a *Good Chriſtian* that reviles the *Mother* of our *Bleſſed Saviour*, that Stabs the *Babe* in her *Arms*, in *Effigy*: that Decryes the *Lords Prayer*, as *Apocryphal*, that *Robs Cæſar* of his *Due*, and *Conſecrates* his *Profeſſion*, with *Violence*, and *Blood*? Or can *He* be a *Good Subject*, that gives *Laws* to his *Sovereign*; Nay, that takes away his *Crown*, and his Life, and Tramples upon his *Fellows* as his *Slaves*?

Citt. Why what's all this to the *Covenant*?

True. Yes, by *That Covenant*, all this was done: And by *That Covenant*, *Unrenounced*: All this muſt be done again, whenever in your it, or that Power. Nay you are *Covenant-Breakers* in the *Not* doing of it, if you were *Covenant-keepers* in the doing on't.

Citt. Well; but the buſineſs of the *Covenant* was only to deliver the King out of the Hands of the *Papiſts*, to demoliſh all Monuments of *Superſtition* and *Idolatry*, and to ſettle a *Thorow Reformation*. All the miſchief fell in by the *By*.

True. Very good; and you took him out of the hands of *Papiſts*, to deliver him into the hands of the *Executioner*; Did ye not? Truly a high Obligation! And then for your zeal againſt *Idolatry*, a Rich *Crucifix*, that was an *Idol* in a *Papiſts* hand, became a *Moveable* in yours; for commonly what ye *Took*, ye *Sold*: and your *Thorow-Reformation* ended in a *Sacrilegious Rapine* and *Confuſion*. And ſo you're welcome to your Journeys End.

THE END.

WHereas there are ſeveral Diſcourſes and Pamphlets abroad in the World, that paſs for the Writing of Mr. *Roger L'Eſtrange*; wherein he never had any hand at all; This is to Advertiſe the Reader, that he hath lately Publiſhed theſe following Pieces, and no other.

Toleration Diſcuſs'd, in a Dialogue betwixt a Conformiſt and a Non-conformiſt, and betwixt a Presbyterian and an Independent.

Seneca's *Morals Abſtracted.*

The Guide to Eternity.

Tully's *Offices, in Engliſh.*

Twenty Select Colloquies of Eraſmus *in Engliſh.*

Tyranny and Popery Lording it over the Conſciences, and Lives of the King and People.

The Reformed Catholique.

The Hiſtory of the Plot in Folio.

The Free-born Subject.

The Caſe Put for the Duke of York.

An Anſwer to the Appeal.

Seaſonable Memorials.

The Parallel, or, *The Growth of Knavery.*

A Dialogue betwixt a Citizen and Bumpkin.

A Dialogue betwixt a Citizen and Bumpkin, Part the 2d.

A Further Diſcovery of the Plot, with a Letter to Dr. Titus Oates.

The Gentleman Apothecary.

Five Love-Letters Tranſlated.

Diſcovery on Diſcovery, in a ſecond Letter to Dr. Titus Oates.

The Committee, or, *Popery in Maſquerade, curiouſly done in a Copper Plate.*

An Anſwer to a Litter of Libellers.